The Book of Kells

(Monks chanting. Door knocks.)
BROTHER TIMOTHY: Brother Bern...
(Clearing throat.)
BROTHER TIMOTHY: Brother Bernard? It's Brother Timothy. Er - I came to return the Codex. Brother Bernard? Is that you? I - I won't disturb you, if you're...
(Scraping.)
BROTHER TIMOTHY: Brother Lucianus. What are you doing here?
(BROTHER LUCIANUS with deep young male voice that sounds almost like Cockney)
BROTHER LUCIANUS: I might ask you the same question, Timmy. The library's closed for the night.
BROTHER TIMOTHY: I came to return a book, actually. The Codex Demonographia. Then I heard a noise at the far end of...
BROTHER LUCIANUS: Sounds thrilling. Sorry, but I ain't got time right now to deal with your little fantasies. I'm on important business for the Abbot. If I see Brother Bernard, I'll be sure to let him know you're raiding his shelves.
BROTHER TIMOTHY: I wasn't raiding them. I was just replenishing...
(Door closed.)
BROTHER TIMOTHY: ... them. Just because the Abbot favours you, Lucianus, doesn't mean it's your abbey.
(Faint sound like squawking.)
BROTHER TIMOTHY: Look, who is that? Oh. Oh my. What are you? A devil or an angel?
(Squawking.)
BROTHER TIMOTHY: Are you hurt?
(Squawking.)
BROTHER TIMOTHY: Let me see. I might be able to..
(Squawk. BROTHER TIMOTHY multiple screams.)

(TARDIS materialises. Door unlocked, hissing of smoke, THE DOCTOR coughs.)
THE DOCTOR: Out! Come on Tamsin, out!
(They cough.)
TAMSIN DREW: What happened? Where are we? Why is it so dark? Oh! And what's that awful smell?
THE DOCTOR: Who knows. Who cares, we're alive, that's all that matters. Now, stand back. I have to close the door. Ow!
TAMSIN DREW: Oh, splinter?
THE DOCTOR: No no, it's red hot. Blue hot actually. That'll be the Doppler effect, I expect. We must have been travelling at phenomenal speed.
TAMSIN DREW: Down your temporary whirlpool.
THE DOCTOR: Temporal wormhole, yes. If that's what it was.
TAMSIN DREW: Hey, I think I've found the cord for the light.
(Water spilled out. TAMSIN DREW cries out.)
TAMSIN DREW: Try not to touch things, Tamsin.
TAMSIN DREW: I was trying to help. How was I to know some panto-loving practical joker had rigged the place for slapstick.
THE DOCTOR: Well, next time be more careful. That's quite an ingenious device, mind you. The rainwater drips through the roof into this bucket here, then when it's full one simply pulls this cord, and...
(Water splash, TAMSIN DREW cries out.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh. Sorry.
TAMSIN DREW: So much for your famous pleasure world. You'll love Carrisima Maxima, Tamsin. Billion year-old forests, tree houses perched atop majestic oaks, hundreds of metres high, the legendary loquacious falls.
THE DOCTOR: This isn't Carrisima Maxima, I'm certain of that. We've been dragged off course.
TAMSIN DREW: Yeah, that's what you said last time. You can't keep using the same excuse. I expect you reversed into something in outer space. Same thing happened to me on my fourth driving test. Actually, it might have been my fifth.
THE DOCTOR: We weren't in outer space. We were in the vortex. And there's nothing to hit in there. No, this was definitely some outside agency. It's as if someone were fishing in the time

stream, hooked the TARDIS and reeled us in fast.
(Thunder.)
THE DOCTOR: But as to the identity of the angler, and why he, she or it brought us here, I'm very much in the dark.
TAMSIN DREW: Not for much longer. I've got a thingy on me what's-its. Ta-da! Let there be light.
(Tinny fanfare.)
TAMSIN DREW: Whoops. Wrong button. That's better. Ooh. It's pretty dingy. Reminds me of some digs I once had in Suffolk.
THE DOCTOR: Thatched roof. Pegged timber-frame ceiling. Wattle and daub walls. Unmistakably Earth. Western Europe, I'd say, probably some time during the middle Middle Ages, Twelfth, Thirteenth Century, maybe some sort of farm building by the looks of it.
TAMSIN DREW: That explains the smell. Hey, what are all these? Blankets? Carpets?
THE DOCTOR: Flayed animal skins.
TAMSIN DREW: Eurgh! I feel ill now.
THE DOCTOR: Imagine how *they* feel. Hey, pass me your what's-its, would you, there's something over here I want to look at.
(Device passed into hand.)
TAMSIN DREW: Couldn't we just go back into the TARDIS and take off again? This is like some serial killer's pad.
THE DOCTOR: Afraid not. Not for at least twenty-four hours. The TARDIS was badly shaken when we got plucked from the vortex. Her internal dimensions are unstable at the moment, that's why I shut the doors, to prevent a time prolapse.
TAMSIN DREW: Sounds revolting. Oh, what's this? Talcum powder?
(Sniffs, sneezes.)
THE DOCTOR: Gesundheit. It's powdered chalk, used to treat the hides. This place must be a tannery.
TAMSIN DREW: I don't see any sun-beds. Joke, in case you really do think I'm that stupid.
THE DOCTOR: No-one could be *that* stupid. Joke. What do you make of these?
TAMSIN DREW: Don't know. What are they? Flayed hamsters?
THE DOCTOR: Pages of vellum. An early form of paper made from animal skin. This is top-quality stuff too. Look. It's almost transparent.
TAMSIN DREW: Amazing. Hey, what sort of animal's this from?
THE DOCTOR: Calf, I should imagine. They make the best vellum. Vella is Old French for veal.
TAMSIN DREW: Well, I've never seen a striped cow before.
THE DOCTOR: Well, maybe it would help if you put your glasses on. Hide.
TAMSIN DREW: Yeah, I know, but what kind of hide?
THE DOCTOR: Are you deaf as well as blind? Someone's coming. Hide! Conceal yourself! Vanish!
TAMSIN DREW: All right Mister Thesaurus, I couldn't hear because I had water in my ears, okay?
(Glass break.)
TAMSIN DREW: Oh, blast it, now I've got chalk all over myself!
THE DOCTOR: Will you please be quiet!
BROTHER BERNARD: Hurry. We mustn't be seen from the abbey.
OLAF ERIKSSON: You worry too much, Brother Bernard. No-one can see anything through this rain.
BROTHER BERNARD: I pray you're right. If I'm discovered then the game's up. One of the monks is already suspicious of me. Loiters in the library every day, eager to catch me out.
(Checking door.)
BROTHER BERNARD: Locked. That tanner is even more secretive than I am.
(Swish of steel.)
OLAF ERIKSSON: Stand back.
(Grunts of trying to force open the door.)
TAMSIN DREW: Who are they?
THE DOCTOR: How should I know? I arrived at the same time as you, remember. Let's listen and learn, shall we?
(More grunts, door forced open.)
OLAF ERIKSSON: There are few problems that can't be solved with a strong arm and a sword.
BROTHER BERNARD: Quite the Alexander, aren't you?

OLAF ERIKSSON: So to business. What do you know?
BROTHER BERNARD: Tonight, between evening prayers the book will be unguarded for half an hour.
OLAF ERIKSSON: Where? The library?
BROTHER BERNARD: (laugh.) The Abbot's hardly likely to leave it in *my* possession now, is he? No. The chapel, I expect. Knowing Thelonious, he'll want to show it off in a suitably grand setting to impress Sitric.
OLAF ERIKSSON: Then the Abbot...
THE DOCTOR: Sitric? Not King Sitric, surely?
TAMSIN DREW: King Sitric? Don't tell me - he's famous for his acid put-downs.
THE DOCTOR: The question is, which King Sitric? The last one copped for it halfway through the Eleventh Century. So at least we know it's no later than that.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh no. I think I'm going to...
(Sneeze. Drawing of metal.)
OLAF ERIKSSON: Get back to the Abbey. I'll deal with this.
BROTHER BERNARD: Olaf, for heaven's sake...
OLAF ERIKSSON: I know, I know. You are a man of the cloth, and your conscience won't countenance the shedding of blood. Don't worry. My soul is already stained crimson.
BROTHER BERNARD: I don't doubt it. But I wasn't going to dissuade you, I was merely going to request that you dispose of the body discreetly. And don't be long about it. Time is short.
OLAF ERIKSSON: Come out, come out, little mouse.
(Sudden grabbing.)
THE DOCTOR: Ah. Hello. I'm the Doctor. Pleased to meet you. Olaf, was it? Lovely name. Means descendant of your ancestors, but I expect you knew that already. Listen Olaf, there's been a terrible misunderstanding.
OLAF ERIKSSON: Save your words for your creator, monk. You'll be meeting him any moment now!
(Metal on table.)
THE DOCTOR: I see your confusion, you think I'm a monk.
(Grunt, metal struck down.)
THE DOCTOR: Well, I'm not, not at all, and...
(Grunt, metal struck down.)
THE DOCTOR: And I'm not interested in that book either, as far as I'm concerned it's yours.
OLAF ERIKSSON: So, you know about the book, do you?
THE DOCTOR: The book? What book? I don't know anything about a book.
OLAF ERIKSSON: Hah. Nice try, monk.
TAMSIN DREW: No, don't kill him!
(Gasp.)
OLAF ERIKSSON: By the beard of Odin.
THE DOCTOR: Tamsin.
OLAF ERIKSSON: Forgive me, Valkyrie, I - I relinquish the sword to you. It's yours. Have it!
TAMSIN DREW: What did I say?
THE DOCTOR: I think your looks said it all.
TAMSIN DREW: My what?
THE DOCTOR: You're covered from head to foot in powdered chalk and rainwater. You look like a ghost. To Olaf at least - to me you look like a mess. Now, come on, let's follow him.

(Outside. Out of breath after running.)
TAMSIN DREW: Which way did he go?
THE DOCTOR: Your guess is as good as mine.
OLAF ERIKSSON: Yah!
TAMSIN DREW: A horse! This way! Follow me!
THE DOCTOR: No, Tamsin, wait, it could be...
(TAMSIN DREW cry in distance.)
THE DOCTOR: Tamsin? Tamsin!
(Running over.)
THE DOCTOR: Tamsin? Oh no. Where are you? Tamsin.
TAMSIN DREW: Down here. He rode off and I fell in here.
THE DOCTOR: Are you hurt?
TAMSIN DREW: No. What a stupid place to dig a hole.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, it's not a hole. It's a midden.
TAMSIN DREW: A what?
THE DOCTOR: A mediaeval dung hill. It's where they put all the manure.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh ... I can hear the smirk on your face. Grab the end of this stick and pull me out of here before I start chucking cow-pats at you.
(Lifted out with grunts. TAMSIN DREW groans, THE DOCTOR laughs.)
TAMSIN DREW: I absolutely stink!
THE DOCTOR: The rain'll wash it off. Anyway, look on the bright side. At least you're not covered in chalk any more.
TAMSIN DREW: Ha-ha. I should have let that Olaf perforate you a bit with his sword. Why did you want to follow him, anyway?
THE DOCTOR: Anyone who's prepared to kill for a book interests me.
TAMSIN DREW: You should have met the librarian at my drama school.
THE DOCTOR: And besides, there's still the matter of the temporal fishing-line that brought us here. At a guess I'd say the answers lie in there. The Abbey. Coming? Tamsin?
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor, this stick, the one you pulled me out with.
THE DOCTOR: What about it?
TAMSIN DREW: It isn't a stick. It's a bone!
THE DOCTOR: Let me see. Yes. Too large for a human, too thin for a horse or cow. Digital flexes, dactylic ligatures. Tamsin, that hide you saw in the tannery, the striped one, it wasn't by any chance indigo, was it?
TAMSIN DREW: It was hard to see, you had the thingy. I suppose it might have been a bit indigo-y, why?
THE DOCTOR: A Vortisaur.
TAMSIN DREW: A what?
THE DOCTOR: A Time terrosaur. They patrol the vortex. The poor creature must have been brought here the same way we were. Without any heat shields it probably died on the journey or else shortly afterwards. This is one of its wing bones. The monks probably kept its hide as a curiosity. Right, that settles it, we've got to get inside that abbey now. Come on.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh, this had better not be Name of the Rose. I don't much fancy being burnt as a witch.
THE DOCTOR: Don't worry, this is a witch-free period of history. The Council of Padebourn outlawed belief in witches in Seven Eighty Five. Charlemagne himself ratified it. Witch trials don't kick off again until the Twelfth Century. I suppose you could still be burned for heresy, mind you.
TAMSIN DREW: Joy! Doctor, that fishing line gubbins brought us through and it brought the Vorti-what's-it through, yes?
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
TAMSIN DREW: Well, what if it brought other things through as well?
(Thunder.)

BROTHER PATRICK: (singing) Where are you now, my dark brown boy, what lakes at night you see, the house of Dunn knows no more joy, since Lord of the Dead came he.
(Voices in distance.)
BROTHER PATRICK: Hello? Is anyone there? (Sigh.) If that's you, Lucianus, I'm afraid I don't have time for your games right now. The Abbot wants the Chi-Rho page finished before tonight. Now, go away and find a postulant to tease. Or better still, go to the necessarium and stick your head down it. Lucianus?
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Ah, there you are, young Patrick. How goes the work?
BROTHER PATRICK: Erm ... fine, thank you, Abbot. All but finished. I just need to let the ink dry then we can sew it into the book ready for King Sitric's visit.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Splendid, splendid. Let me see. Oh yes. Yes. The knot work is exquisite, such detail.
BROTHER PATRICK: Erm ... Abbot Thelonious?
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Hmm?
BROTHER PATRICK: You ... you didn't happen to hear any, erm ... voices just now, did you, whispers? Coming from the walls.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Oh dear, not you as well. Really Patrick, I thought you had more sense than to give credence to refectory tittle-tattle. (Sigh.) What was it this time? Whispering witches, gossiping ghosts, hissing ... hobgoblins?

BROTHER PATRICK: Forgive me, Father.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Now, I grant that we have had more than our fair share of misfortune these past months, but this Abbey is not under a curse. Diabolical forces do not stalk the cloisters and the agents of darkness are not gathering for the Apocalypse.
BROTHER PATRICK: What about the winged demon discovered next to Brother Timothy's ashes?
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Winged demon? It was just a large bird. My dear boy, the recent immolation of Brother Timothy was a tragedy, yes, but not an unprecedented one. The ancients speak of a phenomenon whereby a man may burst into flames. I don't think we need seek any supernatural explanation. Science can account for it.
BROTHER PATRICK: Can science also account for Abbot Anselm's disappearance? Here one day, gone the next, leaving behind all his belongings. I ... I'm sorry, Father, I should not have spoken thus.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Strictly between ourselves, Brother Patrick, that little mystery is very easily cleared up. I gather my predecessor's sudden vanishing act was prompted by, er ... how shall I say, more earthly considerations. The monastic life is not for everyone after all. Oh dear, now I'm the one falling prey to gossip. Put your faith in facts, my son. That's the only route to truly understanding the world.
BROTHER PATRICK: Yes, Abbot Thelonious. May we receive unquenchable light from knowledge so that our darkness will be illuminated and the darkness of the world be made less.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Precisely. I say, that's very good. Did you make it up?
BROTHER PATRICK: Erm - no. Those are the words of Saint Columba.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Of course, yes, yes. Silly of me. I'm just not used to hearing them spoken in anything other than Latin. (Laugh.) Well, let me know when the book is ready. I must be off to prepare for our honoured guest.
(Walking off.)
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Oh, I'd hate to be King Sitric right now. This weather's positively deluvian.
(Thunder, rain.)

KING SITRIC: Not much further, Sleipnir. A few more miles and we'll be there.
(Horse neighs. KING SITRIC laughs,)
KING SITRIC: I know. I've been saying that ever since we left Dublin. But this time I promise it's true. Ah. The messenger returns. Let's hope he has good news.
(OLAF ERIKSSON sound as he stops horse.)
OLAF ERIKSSON: My noble sovereign.
KING SITRIC: Forget the pleasantries, Olaf Eriksson. I'm in no mood for them. Besides, it'll be dusk soon and I'd rather not spend the night in this infernal tempest. I see wraiths in the rain, spirits of vanquished heroes, dead wives, lost children. My past is all around me, reaching out with watery fingers to drown me in tears of regret.
OLAF ERIKSSON: Regret? A warrior has no regrets, sire.
KING SITRIC: (laugh) It's been years since I could count myself a warrior. All my battles are now fought on the dusty plains of diplomacy. It is not good to have lived as long as I have. With each passing hour my place in Valhalla seems less assured. A hero should live hard and die young. Never grow old, Olaf. Now, what news?
OLAF ERIKSSON: The Abbey is just over the next rise.
KING SITRIC: Oh?
(Patting horse.)
KING SITRIC: There, Sleipnir. (Laugh.) What did I tell you?
(Horse gentle bray.)
KING SITRIC: You look ill-at-ease, Olaf. Is there something you wish to tell me?
OLAF ERIKSSON: Nothing, sire. That is, nothing to trouble a King.
KING SITRIC: This King is used to troubles. They are like old friends to me. Share yours with me.
OLAF ERIKSSON: It seems that I too have been seeing spirits. Just now at the Abbey I ... I thought I saw one of Odin's handmaidens. A Valkyrie. It is an ill omen, is it not?
KING SITRIC: Possibly. But for whom? She was at the Abbey after all and not here. Perhaps it is for Abbot Thelonious and his flock we should be concerned. That's the problem with omens. By the time you've worked out what they mean it's invariably too late to do anything about them. Now, you'll find the men sheltering under the trees back there. Tell them to saddle up. We leave

immediately.
OLAF ERIKSSON: As you command, sire. (Laugh.) All this for a book. Hyah!
(Galloping off.)
KING SITRIC: Not just any book, my friend. With it, peace. Without it, bloody war.

(Knocking.)
THE DOCTOR: Hello? Anyone home?
(Electronic whirring.)
TAMSIN DREW: Hey, what's that?
THE DOCTOR: A temporal spectroscope. It detects disturbances in the Time-Space field. If something else came through from the vortex it'll show up on here.
TAMSIN DREW: So, anything?
THE DOCTOR: Nothing. The range is fairly limited, though. Stay here. I'll see if there's another way in.
TAMSIN DREW: But what if someone answers the door?
THE DOCTOR: You're an actress, aren't you? Improvise.
TAMSIN DREW: Yes, but ... I always hated impro.
(Door opened.)
BROTHER PATRICK: Sorry, have you been waiting? By all the saints, have you had an accident?
TAMSIN DREW: Several, actually. Now I, erm, expect you're wondering who I am. That makes two of us. Joke. (Laughs.) Er - to be honest, it's - it's quite complicated, so I think it's best if I start at the very beginning. The very beginning! Yes! That's a very good place to start. (Cough.) Allow me to introduce myself. I am Sister Maria, from Salzburg.

(Window broken, something opened and grunt as coming in.)
THE DOCTOR: Not the most elegant of entrances. Now, let's have a spectroscopic sniff around, shall we?
(Electronic whirring of device.)
THE DOCTOR: Hmm.
(Sound rises in pitch.)
THE DOCTOR: Eureka. A time eddy.
BROTHER BERNARD: Who's there?
(Device turned off.)
BROTHER BERNARD: How many more times? This is a library, not a place to escape prayer ... Who are you? What are you doing here?
THE DOCTOR: Forgive the intrusion. I'm a visiting bibliophile and I couldn't help ... You. But you're...
BROTHER BERNARD: Brother Bernard, the librarian. Have me met?
THE DOCTOR: Not as such, no, but we do have a mutual friend, a Viking named Olaf. Strapping fellow, nifty with a sword. You wouldn't immediately take him for a librarian's assistant, mind you, but as I always say, you should never judge a book by its cover.
BROTHER BERNARD: You must be mistaken. I don't know an Olaf.
THE DOCTOR: How disappointing. You'd make a rather good double act.
BROTHER BERNARD: I'm going to have to ask you to leave. Only the monks here at Kells are permitted access to the library.
THE DOCTOR: But the Abbot said it would be fine so long as I ... I'm sorry, did you say Kells?
BROTHER BERNARD: I did.
THE DOCTOR: This is the Abbey of Kells?
BROTHER BERNARD: It is.
THE DOCTOR: Kells, near Dublin, Ireland?
BROTHER BERNARD: The same.
THE DOCTOR: This may seem like an odd question, but it wouldn't by any chance be the year Ten Oh Six, would it?
BROTHER BERNARD: Get out.
THE DOCTOR: Not until you tell me why you want it.
BROTHER BERNARD: Want what?
THE DOCTOR: The Great Gospel of Columkille. The Liber Columbae. The Book of Kells.
BROTHER BERNARD: I ... don't know what you mean.
THE DOCTOR: My mistake. It must have been some other incalculably valuable book I heard

you and Olaf plotting to steal.
BROTHER BERNARD: Steal? I am the librarian of Kells. My duty is to protect the book, all books, to preserve the wisdom of the ancients, to keep alive the flame of understanding in these dark times.
THE DOCTOR: Nice spiel, Bernard, let's see if the Abbot buys it, shall we?
BROTHER BERNARD: Oh, the Abbot, yes. I should have known you'd be a friend of his. Thelonious and you share the same smug confidence, the same flippancy. Well, if it's books you're after, I have plenty!
(Books thrown. THE DOCTOR grunts.)
THE DOCTOR: Bernard, wait!
BROTHER BERNARD: You'll never get your hands on that book. Never!
THE DOCTOR: It's not the book I'm interested in! It's the time eddy.

(Liquid being poured.)
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Brother Patrick here says you're from Salzburg, Sister Maria. Can't say I've ever been, although I count myself pretty well travelled, for an Abbot. Is it nice?
TAMSIN DREW: Wonderful. The mountains, the edelweiss, the ... goat herds.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: (Laugh) Sounds charming. So, Sister Maria, what is it that brings you these many miles to Kells? And at such an inclement time of year too.
TAMSIN DREW: Er ... well, the book.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: The book.
TAMSIN DREW: You know, the one everyone's talking about.
BROTHER PATRICK: You mean, the Great Gospel of Columkille?
TAMSIN DREW: That's the one, yes.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: I - I wasn't aware its fame had spread so far.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh yes. Why, I understand that King Citrus himself is coming here tonight.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: King Sitric is indeed honouring the Abbey with a visit, yes. Yes. Erm, Patrick, I wonder if you'd be so kind as to escort Sister Maria to the scriptorium. She's travelled a long way and a quick peek at the book seems the least we can do.
TAMSIN DREW: That's awfully kind of you.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Not at all, not at all.
BROTHER PATRICK: Forgive me, Lord Abbot, but shouldn't we move the book to the chapel? I thought you wanted to...
(Rushing in, BROTHER LUCIANUS.)
BROTHER LUCIANUS: The King's 'ere. I saw him from the bell tower. His men are ... Who's this?
BROTHER PATRICK: This is a guest of the Abbey, Lucianus, and as such merits greater respect.
BROTHER LUCIANUS: Sorry. I didn't realise she was your girlfriend.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Oh now, now, Lucianus. No teasing. Sister Maria, I wonder if you would excuse us. Lucianus and I must prepare to receive the King and his retinue.
TAMSIN DREW: Of course. See you later, alligator. He's a lissom one, isn't he, that Lucianus?
BROTHER PATRICK: Can't say I've noticed. Come on, Sister.

(Horse neighs.)
KING SITRIC: Kells Abbey. It stands like a broken tooth against the night sky.
OLAF ERIKSSON: At least the rain has stopped. That is a good sign.
KING SITRIC: It is? A coward may use the cloak of rain to conceal illicit deeds, but it is a very different sort of a man who is prepared to commit such maleficence in broad day. Or star-bright night. I have misgivings, Olaf. Can you not taste it on the breeze?
OLAF ERIKSSON: Taste what, sire?
KING SITRIC: Treachery.

(Door opened.)
BROTHER PATRICK: The scriptorium, where I spend most of my time.
TAMSIN DREW: You have this whole place to yourself?
BROTHER PATRICK: Er - there used to be two of us, but ... Brother Timothy, er ... met with an accident. Now it's just me. I'm the head illuminator.
TAMSIN DREW: What a wonderful job title. The Doctor would love it.
BROTHER PATRICK: The Doctor?

TAMSIN DREW: My, erm, apothecary. I left him outside looking for herbs, you know.
BROTHER PATRICK: Well, I hope he doesn't stray too far afield. The Abbey has lately been prey to several calamities. There's even been talk of, er ... visitations.
TAMSIN DREW: Ghosts?
BROTHER PATRICK: Or demons. The Abbot reckons it's nothing more than skittish monks starting at their own shadows. It's certainly true that everyone's humours are a little choleric at present. It's important for the abbey that the unveiling of the book goes as smoothly as possible.
TAMSIN DREW: Of course. May I see it, the book?
BROTHER PATRICK: Hmm. Close your eyes.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, come on. The only point of a secret door is to grant access to a ... Aha.
(Click. Grinding.)
THE DOCTOR: A secret passageway. Right, time to shed a little light on the matter, I think.
(Tinny music.)
THE DOCTOR: Blast.

BROTHER PATRICK: You can open your eyes now. Behold. The Great Gospel of Columkille.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh Patrick, it's ... it's just about the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.
BROTHER PATRICK: (laugh) It was created over two centuries ago on the island of Iona. The monastery there was founded, like this one, by Saint Columba. Columkille is Gaelic for Columba.
TAMSIN DREW: Two centuries ago? But I thought you said you were still working on it.
BROTHER PATRICK: It was never finished. The monks had to flee Iona because of Viking raids. They brought the book here, where it remained unfinished until now. These last three months, every monk in the monastery has been devoted to this endeavour from ... from tanners to goldsmiths, jewellers to scribes.
TAMSIN DREW: So which bits did you do?

THE DOCTOR: Well, at least he's stopped to light the torches. Bernard? Bernard, we need to talk. Look, this isn't about the Book of Kells. It gets stolen in Ten Oh Six and for all I know it's you that steals it. We have more important matters to discuss. Vortisaurs, and time eddies. Bernard?
(Bleeps.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh dear. Not good.
(Sudden grunt.)

BROTHER PATRICK: And here is the second Chi-Rho. I - I completed it only a few hours ago.
TAMSIN DREW: It's very ... unusual. Completely unlike the other illustrations. The illuminations - sorry.
BROTHER PATRICK: Er, it's these new inks. They're quite tricky to control at first, but once you get the hang of it, you can do remarkably detailed work. Brother Timothy was the real expert. Not that Brother Bernard ever gave him credit for it.
TAMSIN DREW: It's amazing. Almost three-dimensional. In a funny sort of way it looks like a...
(Rustling.)
TAMSIN DREW: Oh drat, the candle. There must be a window open somewhere.
BROTHER PATRICK: Listen.
(Distant grunts.)
TAMSIN DREW: What is it? Rats? I'm not good with rats.
(Groan.)
TAMSIN DREW: Patrick? Patrick, have you fainted? Who ... who's there? Listen, I'm warning you, take one more step and I'll...
(TAMSIN DREW cry, the cry fades away.)

(Struggling.)
THE DOCTOR: I have already told you, Bernard, I don't care about the book.
BROTHER BERNARD: Well, I do.
(Lunge.)
THE DOCTOR: Put down the mace, let's talk about this sensibly. I want to help you.
BROTHER BERNARD: The only way you can help me is by staying still so that I can end your miserable existence.

THE DOCTOR: Never.
(TAMSIN DREW crying out.)
BROTHER BERNARD: Now what?
(Fall, BROTHER BERNARD groans. TAMSIN DREW coughs.)
THE DOCTOR: Tamsin.
(More coughing.)
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Are you all right?
TAMSIN DREW: Surprisingly well, given that I've just fallen fifty feet down a stone chute. Who's the human crash-mat?
THE DOCTOR: Brother Bernard. Friendly librarian from the tannery. He's out cold by the looks of it.
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor, should that be there?
THE DOCTOR: Should what be where? A secret room.
TAMSIN DREW: Old Baldy here must have smashed through the panelling when I careened into him.
THE DOCTOR: Careered. Help me open this up.
(Grunts, heavy thing moved aside.)
TAMSIN DREW: I thought you said this was the Eleventh Century.
THE DOCTOR: It is.
TAMSIN DREW: Then what's that? A mediaeval fax machine?
THE DOCTOR: It's what plucked us out of the vortex, the Vortisaur too. It's a rudimentary time-scoop, made with the dematerialisation circuit of a Mark Four TARDIS.
TAMSIN DREW: A TARDIS? But that means ... Actually I've no idea what it means.
THE DOCTOR: It means, I have been monumentally stupid. The clues were staring me in the face all along, and I just couldn't see them. The Vikings, the monks, and now the foreign TARDIS. Tamsin, I know who Brother Bernard really is.
TAMSIN DREW: Who?
THE DOCTOR: Someone I haven't seen in a very long while. Someone I thought was dead. Someone who meddles with Time.
TAMSIN DREW: Sorry for not being the sharpest pencil in the Police Box, Doctor, but are you saying you and Brother Bernard are old chums?
THE DOCTOR: Acquaintances. Our paths have crossed before now, and after now. In fact we're due to bump into each other in about sixty years time, on the coast of Northumbria. Question is, is this the first time we meet? Let's see.
(Searching through instruments.)
THE DOCTOR: Neutrino filter, tau accelerator ... Aha. An Epsilon Modulator. His TARDIS certainly wasn't fitted with one of those before. Otherwise I'd have nicked it. So this must be *after* Egypt.
TAMSIN DREW: Okay - imagine for a second that I'm not Stephen Hawkins...
THE DOCTOR: Hawking.
TAMSIN DREW: Hawking. But instead bear a very little brain. What are you talking about?
THE DOCTOR: Brother Bernard here is a Time Lord. One of my own race.
(Whistle and bubbling.)
THE DOCTOR: What a ridiculous device. Where was I? Oh yes, he left Gallifrey, my home planet, about fifty years after I did, stealing a TARDIS in the process.
TAMSIN DREW: As opposed to borrowing one?
THE DOCTOR: As opposed to borrowing one. Anyway, the first I knew about him gallivanting around the Universe was when I discovered him trying to change the outcome of the Battle of Hastings. He was dressed as a Monk then too.
TAMSIN DREW: Getting to be a habit?
THE DOCTOR: Predictable. Mm. What do you think this is?
(Metal scraping.)
TAMSIN DREW: One of the springs from my brain, probably. Go on.
THE DOCTOR: Look, it's quite simple. Brother Bernard, as he's now calling himself, is a Time Lord, with a penchant for playing with history for personal gain. Clearly he's planning to steal the Book of Kells and sell it to the highest bidder at some later point in history. What baffles me is why he's built this time-scoop.
TAMSIN DREW: Maybe he wanted company.
THE DOCTOR: No, it's only calibrated for interstitial space. And the vortex isn't exactly

renowned for its social scene.
TAMSIN DREW: Well, it scooped us up.
(Grating.)
THE DOCTOR Someone's coming. Hide.
TAMSIN DREW: Where?
THE DOCTOR: Er ... the chest. Come on, hop in! There's room for two.
(TAMSIN DREW sighs.)
BROTHER LUCIANUS: Hello? Anyone there?

ABBOT THELONIOUS: I cannot apologise enough for the lack of proper welcoming committee. The brethren are at prayer at the moment, but it had been my intention to greet you alongside my chief librarian and my head illuminator. I can't think where they've got to. Even my factotum young Lucianus appears to have, er, disappeared, as it were.
OLAF ERIKSSON: It is an insult. This abbey is three days' ride from Dublin and yet you greet us without ceremony? You would not dare to do such a thing for Brian Boru.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: On the contrary...
OLAF ERIKSSON: But perhaps you esteem the King of Munster more highly than you do the King of Dublin.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Of course not.
OLAF ERIKSSON: Perhaps you think the Leinster Revolt means that King Sitric no longer has authority over you.
(Owls hooting in the background.)
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Perish the thought.
OLAF ERIKSSON: Do not play games, Abbot. Stick to religion, and leave politics to your betters.
KING SITRIC: Enough, Olaf. You know full well I care nothing for ceremony. In any case we came to see the book, not to reopen old wounds.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: And so you shall. Brother Patrick ought to have brought it to the chapel by now, but ... since he'd have had to pass us en route I think we can assume that both he and the book are still in the scriptorium here.
(Inside.)
ABBOT THELONIOUS: After you, gentlemen?
(BROTHER PATRICK sighs.)
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Patrick!
KING SITRIC: Olaf, check the body. Now! An explanation is required. Abbot Thelonious?
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Alas, I am unable to provide one. The last I saw of him, Patrick was escorting an ostra-gothic nun around the abbey.
OLAF ERIKSSON: He lives, sire.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Thank Heaven for that. Are you all right, Patrick?
(BROTHER PATRICK sighs.)
BROTHER PATRICK: Book. Took the book.
KING SITRIC: Someone took the book? Who?
BROTHER PATRICK: I was showing it to Sister Maria. The candle blew out, then ... then I was hit on the back of the head.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Where is Sister Maria now?
BROTHER PATRICK: I don't know. Gone.
KING SITRIC: Olaf, find this nun and bring her to me. If she resists, you have my permission to use force.
OLAF ERIKSSON: I obey, Majesty.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: King Sitric, I cannot condone the use of violence.
KING SITRIC: I want that book found, Thelonious, at any cost. If needs be, I shall take this Abbey apart stone by stone and slaughter every monk within its walls until I get it back. Now, who else might have seen the Great Gospel of Columkille today?

TAMSIN DREW: (gasps) Lucianus. It's Lucianus.
THE DOCTOR: What is?
TAMSIN DREW: The person who's just come in, the one making the racket. He's one of the monks. I met him when Patrick took me to see the Abbot. He was very nice, by the way.
THE DOCTOR: How can you tell who's just come in?
TAMSIN DREW: Oh. There's a knothole in the wood. That's odd. He looks like he's dismantling

the time-scoop. Do you reckon he's a Time Lord too?
THE DOCTOR: More likely a Time Lord's partner in crime.
TAMSIN DREW: (gasp) Doctor!
THE DOCTOR: What is it?
TAMSIN DREW: He's got the book. The Book of Kells. I just saw it in his swag bag. That means he must have been the one who hit Patrick in the scriptorium.
THE DOCTOR: Right. I think it's time we had a word with this Lucianus. Ready to play Jack-in-the-box?
TAMSIN DREW: Just watch me. One, two...
(Outside the box)
TAMSIN DREW: Three! Stop right there, Lucianus!
BROTHER LUCIANUS: What ... What are you doing down 'ere?
TAMSIN DREW: I might very well ask you the same question.
BROTHER LUCIANUS: Actually, you know what? I don't care. Bye.
(Rushing off.)
TAMSIN DREW: Hey, wait! A fat lot of use you were, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: You were standing on my jacket. What are you waiting for? Get after him.
TAMSIN DREW: Me? That's not very gallant. Why don't *you* get after him?
THE DOCTOR: Because I don't know what he looks like, do I? I never got to see his face. I was still pinned to the bottom of the chest by your great big clodhopper.
TAMSIN DREW: All right, all right. But if you find me headfirst in a cauldron of pig's blood later on, you'll have to live with that on your conscience. Ow!
THE DOCTOR: And wear your glasses.
TAMSIN DREW: (moving off) I hate you.
THE DOCTOR: Now then, Brother Bernard, I think it's time you and I had a little talk.

(The monks are chanting in Latin.)
Leading Monk: (chanting) ... de mondo.
Monks: (chanting) De mondo.
Leading Monk: (chanting) Sicut et ego non sum de mondo.
Monks: (chanting) De mondo.
(Door opened.)
KING SITRIC: Everyone stay exactly where they are.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Please, Brethren, do as he says.
KING SITRIC: Is either Brother Bernard or Brother Lucianus here?
(Monks chatting amongst themselves quietly.)
KING SITRIC: Has anyone seen them, then?
(More muttering.)
KING SITRIC: Well, look for them! Come on! Get up and look for them.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Er ... don't - don't worry, all will be well. The King and I were just...
(His voice fades in the background.)
KING SITRIC: I must seem a monster to them, and to you.
BROTHER PATRICK: Believe me, your Majesty, we all want that book back just as much as you. It would be a huge loss to the abbey, and to me personally.
KING SITRIC: With the greatest of respect, both you and this abbey of yours could be swallowed whole by Fenrir, and the world would know little about it. For me it is different.
BROTHER PATRICK: You're thinking of Brian Boru, aren't you?
KING SITRIC: Well, well. A monk who hasn't got his head in the clouds. You impress me, Brother Patrick. Yes, I'm thinking of Boru. For seventeen years, I, Sitric Silkbeard of the Uíd Ímair Dynasty, have been King of Dublin. But for the last six years, ever since that disastrous uprising at Leinster, I have been little more than a lapdog to Boru.
(Noise in background of metal.)
BROTHER PATRICK: Forgive me, sire, but what has this got to do with the Great Gospel of Columkille?
KING SITRIC: Everything. Boru is Irish, I am Norse. The Great Gospel is a powerful symbol of Irishness. True, it was not created here, but it was completed here. It represents the soul of Ireland. And what do I represent? The heathen Viking, the very race which plundered Iona and drove your brethren to re-found the abbey here at Kells.
BROTHER PATRICK: That was centuries ago. No-one could hold you responsible.
KING SITRIC: Boru could, and will. Kells Abbey is under my authority, and the loss of the Great

Gospel would be blamed on me. I shall be accused of returning to the old ways, of plundering abbeys for their riches. Boru will be able to stir up such a sea of resentment that I shall drown in its turbulent waters, and Dublin will fall.
BROTHER PATRICK: Then we must get it back, before it's too late.

(Slapping to wake.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh, come on, come on, I don't have all day.
BROTHER BERNARD: All right, all right ... Ow - look, I'm awake!
THE DOCTOR: Hello, old friend.
BROTHER BERNARD: You're no friend of mine.
THE DOCTOR: True, but we have met before. Northumbria, Ten Sixty-Six. I stole your dimensional controller, remember? Or how about the planet Tigus, where you attempted to maroon me in the middle of a volcanic eruption? And who can forget Egypt, where your found some new chums, the Daleks, but lost your TARDIS's directional unit. Yes. You remember me now, don't you? I've regenerated several times since we last met but I'm still the same Time Lord inside. That's right. I am The Doctor.
BROTHER BERNARD: Who?

BROTHER LUCIANUS: Key, key, key. Where'd you put the key, you senile old ... Aha!
TAMSIN DREW: Ah! Quite the magpie, aren't you?
BROTHER LUCIANUS: Well, if it isn't the persistent sister. I thought I'd given you the slip. How did you find me?
TAMSIN DREW: Followed the sound of your voice. First rule of subterfuge, never talk to yourself.
BROTHER LUCIANUS: Aren't you a clever clogs. Most of the idiots round here think the noises they hear come from ghosts or demons.
TAMSIN DREW: Instead of sneaky little thieves like you? Didn't they teach you that stealing is a sin? I'm not terribly up on ecumenical matters, but I'd imagine that stealing from an Abbot is a pretty big no-no.
BROTHER LUCIANUS: I wasn't stealing from him. I have his authority.
TAMSIN DREW: Of course you do. And I'm sure he also gave you and Brother Bernard permission to steal the Book of Kells.
BROTHER LUCIANUS: Brother Bernard?

THE DOCTOR: Nice try, Bernard, but you're fooling no-one.
BROTHER BERNARD: I tell you, I haven't the slightest idea what you're babbling about, Doctor. Now untie me this instant.
THE DOCTOR: All right, we'll do it the hard way if that's what you want.
BROTHER BERNARD: Torturing me won't change my answer.
THE DOCTOR: Perhaps not, but this stethoscope will. Let's have a listen, shall we?
(Heartbeat.)
THE DOCTOR: Heart number one beating healthily and now for heart num ... What? What have you done with your other heart?
BROTHER BERNARD: For a bibliophile you're not terribly well-read. Men and women tend to only to have the *one* heart.
THE DOCTOR: But ... well, that means ... What are you doing with all this equipment if you're not a Time Lord?
BROTHER BERNARD: I've never seen this room before. I was on my way to the sacristy when I heard you following me. I picked up the bluntest object I could find - sadly we clerics are not permitted to use edged weapons - and attempted to hasten your appointment with the Last Judgement. Then there was a scream, something hit me and it all went black. The next thing I know I wake up in here with a deranged man talking about Egyptian volcanoes and people with two hearts.
(Knots being released.)
BROTHER BERNARD: What are you doing?
THE DOCTOR: Untying you. I only hope we're in time. It's Lucianus, he's the Time Lord. And I've just sent Tamsin after him.

BROTHER LUCIANUS: Move away from the door, sister.
TAMSIN DREW: Not until you give me the book.

BROTHER LUCIANUS: You'll have to catch me first.
(Rushing off, falling, gasping.)
TAMSIN DREW: Scrum-half, school rugger team. Now give me the book.
BROTHER LUCIANUS: Take it. Just get off me. Oh, I think you've cracked one of me ribs.
TAMSIN DREW: Thank you, Lucianus. Nice doing business with you.
(Door opened by force.)
OLAF ERIKSSON: What in the name of Helgard is going on? You. The Valkyrie.
TAMSIN DREW: Ah. Olaf. Yes. Sorry about that little misunderstanding. Anyway, you've arrived at the perfect moment. This monk here is...
(Sword withdrawn.)
OLAF ERIKSSON: Give me the book.
TAMSIN DREW: What?
OLAF ERIKSSON: The book, Sister Maria. The one you are holding in your hands. The one you stole from the scriptorium.
TAMSIN DREW: Stole? How dare you, it's Lucianus who stole it. I was returning it.
OLAF ERIKSSON: Is that so.
TAMSIN DREW: Yes.
BROTHER LUCIANUS: No.
TAMSIN DREW: What?
BROTHER LUCIANUS: She's the thief. I saw her take it, and I followed her in 'ere. She's been stealing other things too, things belonging to the Abbot. Check her bag though if you don't believe me.
TAMSIN DREW: You lying toad.
BROTHER LUCIANUS: Monks don't lie. Lying is a sin.
TAMSIN DREW: Why, you sanctimonious...
(OLAF ERIKSSON grunt and smash onto table.)
OLAF ERIKSSON: Enough. Save your excuses for the King.

THE DOCTOR: So what exactly were you and Olaf discussing in the tannery then if it wasn't about stealing the book?
BROTHER BERNARD: Protecting the book. Olaf's employer King Sitric and I share a common interest in maintaining the status quo. Abbeys, and the knowledge they enshrine, thrive in times of peace. It is our opinion that the Great Gospel of Columkille could become a pawn in Boru's political machinations, perhaps even spark a war.
THE DOCTOR: Of course. It's Ten Oh Six. Sitric Silkbeard and Brian Boru are still at loggerheads over who should rule Ireland. The first Leinster revolt was only - what? Six years ago?
BROTHER BERNARD: The *first* Leinster revolt?
THE DOCTOR: Which means you've got a good few inter-bellum years ahead of you. My advice is to steer clear of the area around Clontarf in Ten Fourteen. So what made you contact Sitric in the first place? I assume it was you who invited him here?
BROTHER BERNARD: It was. Strange things have been happening in the Abbey these last few months. Noises in the night. Sudden gusts of wind in windowless chambers. Objects mysteriously vanishing from sealed rooms. The more impressionable of the monks put it down to imps and spectres. They believe the Abbey to be cursed. But I knew otherwise.
THE DOCTOR: Someone was using the Abbey's network of secret passages like this one.
BROTHER BERNARD: Precisely. I've known about them ever since I took over the library at Kells. The librarian's chief duty is to safeguard knowledge. So should the books in his charge ever be threatened by plunderers, say, then he must hide them from prying eyes. And the fewer people who know these hiding-places the better.
THE DOCTOR: Except someone else found out, didn't they? Lucianus.
BROTHER BERNARD: Heaven knows how. I'd catch him coming out of the library at odd hours and my suspicions grew. Then, during evening prayers one night I crept into his cell and found this.
(Shows something.)
BROTHER BERNARD: It's one of the late Brother Timothy's illuminations for the Great Gospel.
THE DOCTOR: No it isn't.
BROTHER BERNARD: I assure you it is. Brother Patrick was asked to make a replacement. Quite why the Great Gospel needs two Chi-Rho pages is beyond me, but then the Abbot has peculiar tastes. I understand this new raised illumination style is the latest fashion from London.

Looks cheap and ugly to me, but then I didn't design it. Thelonious did.
THE DOCTOR: The Abbot designed this?
BROTHER BERNARD: Yes. Fancies himself a bit of an artist. Thankfully his predecessor had no such pretensions. Abbot Anselm was content merely with the spiritual well-being of his flock.
THE DOCTOR: What happened to Abbot Anselm?
BROTHER BERNARD: He disappeared one night. Last seen in the chapel around midnight then never heard of again. Left all his possessions including his favourite grey mare. A week later, Abbot Thelonious turns up to replace him. Accompanied by Lucianus.
THE DOCTOR: How far are we from the chapel?
BROTHER BERNARD: About a hundred and fifty yards. Why? I thought we were looking for Lucianus and your friend Tamsin.
THE DOCTOR: Change of plan. Come on.
(Walking off.)

ABBOT THELONIOUS: What time is it, Patrick?
BROTHER PATRICK: I'm not sure. Perhaps a quarter before midnight.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Er, maybe we should call off the search for tonight, sire. If, as you say, your men are surrounding the Abbey then the culprits, whoever they may be, are unlikely to get away, are they?
KING SITRIC: The search will continue until we have that book.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Oh. Er, perhaps I may be excused. I really am most...
(Sudden entry and all exclaiming at once.)
BROTHER PATRICK: Sister Maria!
BROTHER LUCIANUS: Abbot, Patrick...
OLAF ERIKSSON: Silence! My liege, I have the book. Here.
KING SITRIC: Thank you, Olaf. You are a true and loyal servant. Now who have we here?
TAMSIN DREW: My name is Sister Maria, and I must protest at the rough treatment I have received at the hands of this ape.
KING SITRIC: My apologies, Sister. Olaf would not have used force did he not deem it necessary. And you?
BROTHER LUCIANUS: Who wants to know?
ABBOT THELONIOUS: I can vouch for Lucianus here. He and I are old friends.
TAMSIN DREW: I'm afraid you're in for a bit of a shock, Abbot. Your old friend here is nothing of the sort. He's a thief and an impostor.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: That's a pretty serious accusation for someone whose own credentials have yet to be established. Tell us, how did you get here from Salzburg?
TAMSIN DREW: Well, er, by boat, naturally. Road first, then boat.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Where did you sail from? How long did the journey take?
TAMSIN DREW: Look, this is beside the point. Lucianus here is in league with Brother Bernard. They were trying to steal the Book of Kells and they would have succeeded if we hadn't prevented them.
KING SITRIC: We?
TAMSIN DREW: My ... apothecary and I. We apprehended Brother Bernard in the secret passageway beneath the library. Then Lucianus here came by to dismantle some, er ... equipment, and that's when I saw the Book of Kells in his bag. So I gave chase and got it off him in the Abbot's chamber. It's at that point that Olaf came in, found me holding the book, and like the oaf that he is, jumped to the wrong conclusion.
KING SITRIC: I see. Abbot Thelonious, I should like to see these secret passageways. Would you show them to me?
ABBOT THELONIOUS: I'm afraid I cannot, your Majesty. They do not exist.
KING SITRIC: Really? Brother Patrick, you admitted Sister Maria into the Abbey tonight. Did you also admit her apothecary?
BROTHER PATRICK: Erm - no. She was alone when I opened the door, but I...
KING SITRIC: Olaf, when you saw Brother Bernard late this afternoon, what were his last words to you?
OLAF ERIKSSON: He warned me that someone would try to steal the book tonight.
KING SITRIC: Release the boy.
(Unhanded.)
BROTHER LUCIANUS: Thank you. I always wanted a hand-shaped bruise on me upper arm.
KING SITRIC: Brother Patrick, escort Lucianus here into the sacristy. And take this bag with

you.
(Bag moved.)
KING SITRIC: We shall examine both the contents and Lucianus's story later on. For now, justice must be done.
BROTHER PATRICK: Justice? Surely you're not going to...?
OLAF ERIKSSON: The King gave you an order. Now, go.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: It's all right, Patrick, I'll handle this. Off you two trot. Oh, perhaps they should take the book too for safe keeping.
KING SITRIC: No.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: No?
KING SITRIC: That stays in my hands.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Oh.
KING SITRIC: When this is over you may have it back, but not before.
TAMSIN DREW: When what is over?
KING SITRIC: Normally we put out the eyes of Boru spies but in your case that would be a tragedy. You have such pretty ones. Olaf, which hand was she holding the book in?
OLAF ERIKSSON: Her left.
KING SITRIC: Then that is the member which must pay for the offence.
TAMSIN DREW: No! You've got to be joking. I came to help you. Abbot, do something, please!
(Sound of swishing of steel.)
TAMSIN DREW: No! No!

THE DOCTOR: That's Tamsin. Get a move on!
BROTHER BERNARD: It's stuck, Doctor. The door won't shift.
THE DOCTOR: Stand back.
(Sonic screwdriver.)
BROTHER BERNARD: What are you doing?
THE DOCTOR: Weakening the molecular bonds between the atoms. That should be enough.
(Shoulder-charging.)
BROTHER BERNARD: That's solid stone, Doctor. You'll never break through. We can double back.
THE DOCTOR: No time. Tamsin's in trouble.
(Heave, crumbling of stones.)
ABBOT THELONIOUS: What the blazes?
THE DOCTOR: Tamsin, are you all right? Tamsin!
TAMSIN DREW: Here. Over here.
KING SITRIC: The apothecary.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: But ... but that's a solid stone wall.
THE DOCTOR: Tamsin, I'm so sorry. I should never have put you in danger.
TAMSIN DREW: When I said I hated you earlier, I didn't mean it.
OLAF ERIKSSON: Well, well. Two boars with one spear.
BROTHER BERNARD: No, Olaf, put down the sword.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Brother Bernard?
BROTHER BERNARD: King Sitric, Olaf, this man is our friend. It's Lucianus you want.
OLAF ERIKSSON: Lucianus? But he's ... Come with me.
(Running off.)
KING SITRIC: So, she was telling the truth. It was Lucianus after all.
(Sword taken out.)
KING SITRIC: But you vouched for him, Abbot.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Did I? Well ... appearances can be deceptive.
(Electronic noise. Sword drop and KING SITRIC cry.)
TAMSIN DREW: Sitric. You've killed him.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: No, no, my dear. Merely stunned him. And the same thing is about to happen to your friends. Bernard, Olaf and Pat...
(Cry in distance. ABBOT THELONIOUS laugh.)
ABBOT THELONIOUS: A sonic stun pulse. Less impressive, I'm afraid, but then Lucianus has such delicate sensibilities. Doesn't care for guns at all. Now, perhaps you'd be so kind as to pick up that book, and hand it to me.
THE DOCTOR: Are you sure you want the whole book? Wouldn't you just prefer to have a single page.

(Page shown.)
THE DOCTOR: Like this one.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Where did you get that?
THE DOCTOR: Bernard found it in Lucianus's cell.
TAMSIN DREW: That's the illumination Patrick was showing me.
THE DOCTOR: Not quite. Patrick's was the second version. This is the original and far superior one made by Brother Timothy to the Abbot's exacting designs. And done in very special ink too. Liquid Gallifrite, unless I'm much mistaken.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Who are you, apothecary?
THE DOCTOR: Stonehenge, Leonardo da Vinci, The Norman Conquest and now the Book of Kells. You just can't leave History alone, can you, Thelonious? Thelonious Monk.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Doctor? Is that you?
THE DOCTOR: It's been a while.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Doctor, my old friend. Who else but you could ruin my plans right at the very moment of their fruition. How have you been? You've regenerated, I see.
THE DOCTOR: So have you.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Mm, yeah. I like the hair. Oh, suits you.
TAMSIN DREW: I'm sorry to interrupt the love-in, but are you now saying it's the Abbot who's the Time Lord and not Brother Bernard?
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Hmm. Your calibre of companion hasn't improved I see, Doctor. Still travelling with the intellectually-challenged, eh? Ah well, they can't all be as bright as Lucianus, I suppose.
TAMSIN DREW: Would this be the same Lucianus who yelped like a girl when I tackled him and who happily handed me the Book of Kells the moment I asked for it. Speaking of which, why is that illumination so important, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: This isn't an illumination, Tamsin. It's a circuit diagram. I recognised it the moment Brother Bernard showed it to me. It's part of the directional unit of a Mark Four TARDIS.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: A directional unit which you stole from me, shortly before stranding me in the frozen wastes of ... Actually, I never did find out its name.
THE DOCTOR: Shame. Anyway Tamsin, this is more than simply a circuit diagram. If you peeled away the vellum, you'd have the actual circuit itself, and that was the great plan, wasn't it, Abbot? Hole up here for a while and repair your TARDIS using the finest craftsmen of the age, meanwhile set up a time-scoop to see if you can lure another TARDIS here which you can cannibalise.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Spot on, Doctor. We landed here by accident, but once I saw where we were and when, a world of possibility opened up for me. The illuminators at Kells can really cut the mustard, you know. Such delicate work. I decided it was time to end my peripatetic existence and repair that circuit. Now, I'd love to stay and chat but my TARDIS awaits me in the sacristy, and Lucianus will be getting impatient, so - if you just hand me that piece of paper I'll be on my way.
THE DOCTOR: Not so fast. Where's Abbot Anselm?
TAMSIN DREW: Abbot who?
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Oh, don't worry, Doctor. My predecessor is safely asleep in my bedchamber. Lucianus smuggled him up there earlier on. We were due to depart tonight anyway and I'd no intention of taking a smelly old cleric along for the ride.
THE DOCTOR: You've thought of everything, haven't you?
ABBOT THELONIOUS: I am more thorough than I used to be. And I've you to thank for that, Doctor. Now, give me the illumination and we'll be on our way, and no harm done.
TAMSIN DREW: Apart from to Brother Timothy. This circuit of yours is all that's left of him.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Yes. The Vortisaur incident was regrettable.
TAMSIN DREW: Regrettable? And what about the Book of Kells, eh? It now contains a piece of ugly circuitry in place of a beautiful illumination. Well, no more.
(Tearing.)
THE DOCTOR: Tamsin, what are you doing?
TAMSIN DREW: I'm sorry Doctor, but the whole thing disgusts me. Here, Thelonious or whatever your name is, take your circuit and leave.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Thank you, my dear. Perhaps I underestimated you. Until the next time, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Do you have any idea what you just did? Now he's free to travel the Universe

causing mischief in a thousand different galaxies and all because you had an emotional outburst!
(TARDIS dematerialisation.)
THE DOCTOR: There he goes now. Well, I hope you're satisfied!
TAMSIN DREW: I switched them.
THE DOCTOR: You ... you did what?
TAMSIN DREW: It was all an act. I gave him the dodgy copy. This is Brother Timothy's original.
THE DOCTOR: But if he tries to dematerialise without a proper directional unit, his TARDIS will...
(Rapidly falling.)
THE DOCTOR: Duck.
(Smashing. Coughing.)
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor?
(Coughing.)
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor, are you all right?
THE DOCTOR: Next time perhaps you'd let me in on your plans *before* you put them into action.
TAMSIN DREW: It's a deal. Oh! Oh! The book, it's on fire!
(Frantic swatting.)
TAMSIN DREW: There. Saved.
THE DOCTOR: Ruined. Look at it. The pages are all charred and the cover's bashed in.
TAMSIN DREW: Look, if I hadn't acted quickly, the whole thing would have gone up.
KING SITRIC: Oh ... Oh...
THE DOCTOR: Sitric's coming round. That means the others will be too. Time to leave, I think.
TAMSIN DREW: What about the book?
THE DOCTOR: Bring it. I've got an idea.

(TARDIS control room, TARDIS door operated, closed.)
TAMSIN DREW: Some idea that was. Why didn't you just leave it in the chapel?
THE DOCTOR: I have my reasons.
TAMSIN DREW: They'll find it eventually, you know.
THE DOCTOR: Of course they will. In eighty days time. Here.
(Thrown, caught.)
TAMSIN DREW: Oh. What's this? The Annals of Ulster, a history of Ireland from Four Thirty-One to Fifteen Forty AD? You're kidding me. It's in here?
THE DOCTOR: About halfway through. Ten Oh Six.
TAMSIN DREW: "In the year Ten Oh Six the Great Gospel of Columkille was wickedly stolen by night from the western sacristy in the great stone church of Kells. This Gospel was recovered after two months and twenty nights, its gold having been taken off it, and with a sod over it." A sod over it?
THE DOCTOR: I think they were being coy.
TAMSIN DREW: I'm not surprised. Thrown in the midden doesn't have quite the same ring.
THE DOCTOR: Well, you'd know.
TAMSIN DREW: It'll be pathetically easy to lob the Annals of Ulster at your smug head.
THE DOCTOR: Well, that's a bit ungrateful. Especially since it helped clear up the mystery of the book's fate. You know, that's one of the perks of this job. You get to solve some of history's greatest riddles. For centuries, scholars have wondered what happened to the Book of Kells - the missing pages, the trimmed edges, the lost cover. Now we know.
TAMSIN DREW: You mean, this is how it was *meant* to happen? I was destined to burn it, and you were destined to chuck it in the compost? Oh, my brain hurts just thinking about it.
THE DOCTOR: It doesn't do to dwell on these things.
TAMSIN DREW: What about Lucianus and Thelonious? Did they blow up?
THE DOCTOR: No, no, no, no, no. The explosion was simply the result of the faulty directional unit, like a car backfiring. They'll be out there somewhere, somewhen. So, where to, Miss Drew?
TAMSIN DREW: Second star to the right and straight on till morning.
(TARDIS dematerialisation.)

(After closing music. TARDIS interior. Small bang.)
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Blast! That's it. I throw in the towel.

BROTHER LUCIANUS: Shouldn't that be "kick the habit"? I still can't believe you fell for it. The switch - it's the oldest trick in the book. And performed by a nun too. Have you no professional pride?
ABBOT THELONIOUS: That woman and her ... apothecary were a class act.
BROTHER LUCIANUS: What was he like? I never did get to see him. Handsome?
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Mm ... middling. Not your type.
BROTHER LUCIANUS: She was quite pretty. I expect he was the brains of the operation, like me. Here you are, give us a hand with this top. The buckle's caught round the back.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: Hold still. Breathe in.
(Inhalation of breath.)
ABBOT THELONIOUS: In. That's it.
(BROTHER LUCIANUS groan.)
ABBOT THELONIOUS: There.
BROTHER LUCIANUS: Oh, the relief! Next time you can wear the corset.
ABBOT THELONIOUS: And be careful with that wig. I don't want it chucked on the floor like last time.
BROTHER LUCIANUS: Or what? There'll be hell to pay? (Laugh.) Hell ... toupee. Get it? (Laugh.) Oh, cheer up. We'll do better next time. How do I look?
ABBOT THELONIOUS: You look splendid. But you sound awful. Your vocoder's still on.
BROTHER LUCIANUS: Oh, silly me. Goodbye, Lucianus...
(Switched off.)
LUCIE MILLER: ... And hello Lucie Miller.